

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:

(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse.)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
With a nere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come, to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things, become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord):
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of, the feared: Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued
A certaine intelligence, that *Glendour* is dead:
Your Maiestie hath bene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howtes perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Shallow* and *Silence*: with *Mouldie*, *Shadow*,
Wart, *Feeble*, *Bull-calf*.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early surter, by
the Rood: And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*).
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeepe Sir, to my cost.
Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements Inne*; where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin).
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and blacke *George Bare*,
and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-fal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Roba*'s were; and had the best of them all at
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Nor-
folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon
about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Scoggan*'s Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson Stock-fish*; a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys*-
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin).
Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure; very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Bulllocks at *Stamford Payre*?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was nowhere.
Shal. Death is certaine: Is old *Double* of your Towne
liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir, and buried: and we haue not
yet receiued his body.

Shal. Dead? See, hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shote. *John* of Gaunc loved
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand Shaft as foureteene, and foure-
teene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see: How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth teine pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?
Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John Falstaff*'s Men (as I
thinke).

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir *John Falstaff*: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommoda-
ted, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it
is: good phrases are surely, and euery where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodate*:
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
John. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeates
very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert Shal-*
low: Master *Swe-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence*: in Commis-
sion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
provided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let mee see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
yea marry Sir, *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fel-
low: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke life: very singular good. Well saide Sir *John*,
very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
on to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other Sir *John*: Let me see: *Simon*
Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shal. Heere Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?

Shal. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: For
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpe the Muster-
Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him
Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous
on his backe, and the whe
him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you ca
commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere Sir.

Shal. What Trade art

Feeble. A Womans Ta

Shal. Shall I prick him

Fal. You may:

But if he had bene a man

you. Wilt thou make a m

raile, as thou hast done in a

Feeble. I will doe my g

more.

Fal. Well said, good M

Couragious *Feeble*: thou w

full Doue, or most magnan

mans Taylour well Master

low.

Feeble. I would w

Fal. I would thou we

mend him, and make him

a priuate souldier, that is

sands. Let that suffice, mo

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to the

the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcasse* of

Fal. Yea marry, let vs

Bul. Heere Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely *F*

calfe till hee roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lor

Fal. What? do't thou re

Bul. Oh Sir, I am a disea

Fal. What disease haft t

Bul. A whorson cold fir

with Ringing in the Kings

day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt g

wee will haue away thy Co

that thy friends shall ring f

Shal. There is two mor

you must haue but foure he

with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe d

tarry dinner. I am glad to

Shallow.

Shal. O Sir *John*, doe yo

night in the Winde-mill, in

Falstaff. No more o't

more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merr

worke aliuie?

Fal. Shee liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could a

Fal. Neuer, neuer: the v

not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her

Bona-Roba. Doth shee hold

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be c